

Good Morning 792

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

J.C.BEE-MASON
goes to the Arctic
with Commander
Worsley, "where
Ship had never
sailed . . . under
square sail in the
ice-pack"

FROZEN NORTH TO GREEN HELL



P.O. Jim Young—how does the Picture Strike You?

YOUR sister Rose suggested when we visited intend to make a bee-line for the "Angel" on your family at 24 Bishops Road, Hayes End, that gala night. No doubt Dorothy, too, will join in the fun, change your mind about coming home. You though she finds her hands very full with the had better write home and tell the folk just three children.

When you do, young Jim, your namesake, will "relad" the letter out to your parents and sisters. Only thing is, he will read, as he always does, that Uncle Jim "will soon be home on a big ship." He insists that this is the theme of all your letters, and nothing his mother says can change his mind.

Nan has given up now, as her little son is the "boss of the family," and what he says goes. All they can do, she says, is wait for you to come home and put Jim in his place!

Both your sisters, Nan and Veronica, join in the general hope that you will return soon. Mum is keeping your football cup polished, and is also trying to secure promises of some beer against the happy day.

It seems, however, that the family don't place too much store by those promises, because they

Michael is going to boarding school soon, but Carol has another companion in mischief now. He may have to grow a bit, but David, who, by the way, strongly resembles Michael, promises to be a real imp.

Apart from the family, your friends at the "Gram" often ask after you and wish you all the best.

Back home again, your Bing record is still in safe keeping and is waiting for you to put it on the turntable once more.

Also, to help you in your leisure hours will be the new crib board that Dad has made.

To end with, however, comes grief about the Anderson shelter—removal of—and the garden, which Mum feels is becoming too much of a wilderness.

However, in spite of that we still doubt if sister Rose's prophecy about the picture's scaring you away is based on any fact. Anything to say, sailor?

IN 1925 I was destined to join yet another Arctic Expedition. Commander F. A. Worsley (Shackleton's Captain on the *Quest*) told me he was going North with a young man named Algarsson. They had purchased a brigantine of about 114 tons net register named *The Lady of Avenel*, but for some reason had changed the name to *Island*. Worsley asked me to join, saying that Marr (one of the Boy Scouts on the *Quest*) had already joined.

We sailed from Liverpool. It was our intention to sail round the North-East Land if clear of ice, but as we met with heavy ice and a strong gale from the North, we turned down the Hinlopen Strait.

Clearing the Strait, we turned eastward along the great ice wall. A strong gale was blowing, and we encountered numerous bergs and "growlers," but Worsley skilfully navigated the ship through the ice, with admiration from all. Continuing our journey along the ice wall, we got into heavy pack, and broke both blades of our propeller. The next day we saw a little sealer in the distance.

We signalled her, and to our astonishment we found it was Shackleton's "Quest." She had been chartered by a party of Italians for a bear-hunting expedition.

On July 30th we were within sixty miles of Franz Josef Land, but then unfortunately got into some very heavy ice, where we remained for 18 days.

We sailed on, occasionally through heavy pack-ice, until we reached Lat. 80.42 N. Here we met a barrier of solid polar pack.

Passing Cape Barents, I landed with Algarsson, intending to stay there for a few days to take photographs.

We were busy erecting a tent when I happened to look up, and saw a bear standing looking at

us. He was not more than 25 yards away.

I shouted to Algarsson: "Get your gun," and dashed for my camera. When ready, I turned a few feet of film, and seeing the bear was still interested in our movements, I carried the camera to within 15 yards, and turned another few feet of film.

I then told Algarsson I was going right up to the bear, but before I had time to do this, the bear came slowly towards us. I again turned the handle of my camera.

As those who look on see most of the game, I will quote Worsley's words in his book, "Under Sail in the Frozen North":—

"At seven paces the bear charged. Algarsson fired, checked his rush. As the bear started to charge again, he fired at very close quarters and bowled the bear over. Mason calmly went on turning the handle of his camera all the time and filmed the complete episode."

In 1928 I joined the Bolivian Expedition through that part of the Bolivian Chaco now known as "Green Hell." Having been used to Arctic work, I was doubtful if I could stand the tropical heat, but much to my surprise, I stood the heat better than my companions. Being immune to bee stings, I did not trouble to put up my mosquito-net, and escaped fever.

When in La Paz, our leader came to me and said: "I have arranged with the War Office for the loan of an aeroplane and pilot. I want you to get your camera and fly over Illimani."

I looked at the mountain in the distance, and said, "How high is it?"

He replied, "23,000 feet."

It was a Vickers' bombing plane, and the pilot Russel Banting, an Englishman sent out by Vickers to instruct the Bolivians in the use of the machine.

Before starting I heard a man

say, "If you don't want to hit that mountain you will have to clear it by a least 1,000 feet."

I asked why, and the man said: "On the other side of Illimani there is a drop of about 20,000 feet to the tropical regions, and the hot air rising and coming in contact with the cold air over the snow causes dangerous air-pockets."

It was an open machine, and we had not the modern oxygen tubes. A cylinder of oxygen was on the floor of the machine, to which was attached a long rubber tube. This was fastened to my mouth.

We started off, and after flying over La Paz, gradually ascended until I had a grand view of the roof of the Andes. Then we made for Illimani. When up about 20,000 feet and quite close to Illimani, I suddenly lost consciousness and fell back into the machine.

The pilot, seeing the condition I was in, returned to the aerodrome.

When I came to I found a doctor leaning over me, using his stethoscope. I heard him say, "He's all right; give him a cup of hot coffee." I drank it, and soon recovered.

It appears that whilst filming the Andes I must have trodden on, or got a kink in, my oxygen tube, and was not receiving any oxygen, which I badly needed at 20,000 feet.

Of all the adventures I have had during the last 25 years, on sea, on land, and in the air, my experiences with the Expedition to Franz Josef Land stand out above everything else.

To quote Worsley again: "We sailed where ship had never sailed, in what was probably the final triumph of British seamanship under square sail in the pack-ice—the seamanship of splendid volunteers and amateurs."

I will conclude by telling of a little incident that happened after we had weathered the terrible gale off Spitzbergen. We put into a little bay for a much-needed rest. I was on "anchor watch," and suddenly I heard loud voices in the fog's'le.

Thinking the men were quarrelling, I went and listened. They were not quarrelling, but were having a heated argument on the merits or otherwise of the various members of the Expedition.

After a silence I heard the Bo's'n's voice. He was a typical blue-nose from Nova Scotia, and had been brought up in sail. He realised what a genius Worsley was, and thought there was not another man like him, and he was not far wrong.

Someone had asked, "What about Worsley?" Then the Bo's'n let out with a roar, "Worsley, Worsley. I would go round the world with Commander Worsley in a bloody canoe."

A beautiful testimonial.

MANY KNEW THE CUT-PURSE TRADE

PICKPOCKETS and cut-purses have been a risk of London streets ever since the first Saxon sight-seer walked in open-mouthed astonishment along the bank of the Thames; but it is rarely that women have won a leading place in the profession.

So Mary Frith, in the latter years of the sixteenth century, was something of an oddity. Indeed, apart from her successful pursuit of other people's money, there were many interesting features in her career.

She first achieved notoriety by riding a spirited horse from Charing Cross to Shoreditch, dressed as a man, and with a trumpet in her hand and a banner floating from her back, for a £20 bet.

In those times a woman in man's clothes not only shocked good taste, but laid herself open to punishment by the Church.

Mary was hailed before an ecclesiastical court, which ordered her to do penance at the door of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Either for cussedness, or because she found it more convenient, she adopted male dress from that time, and, accompanied by two helpers, set out on her career of crime. Her procedure in stealing purses was much the same as is used now by pickpocket gangs.

One of the helpers jostled the victim or caused an obstruction while Mary Frith cut the strings of the purse, and the other carried it off, so that if the woman cut-purse were suspected she should have no evidence upon her.

Rising rapidly in what had hitherto been regarded as a male profession, Mary—now known as Mall the Cut-Purse among her friends and the officers of the law she managed to evade—sought more exciting operations.

Already a fearless rider, she took a course in fencing and shooting, and when she considered herself proficient, took up highway robbery.

Hounslow Heath, a notorious

hunting ground for those who lived in this fashion, became her "beat," and she had the satisfaction of a good royalist (for she was a violent partizan of the King) of holding up the Parliamentary general, Fairfax, and robbing him of two hundred pieces of gold at the point of the pistol.

Most highwaymen got caught because they kept at their profession too long. Mary had more sense.

Having collected a small fortune on the road, she gave up these wild adventures and set up as a "fence" in Fleet Street, where she became a recognised buyer of stolen goods in the London underworld.

Her loyalty overcame her natural instinct to make money when Charles the First passed her door on his way back from Scotland in 1639.

Not only did she rush out and kiss the monarch's hand, but paid for gallons of wine to be poured out for the mob celebrating the event.

D. N. K. B.



Calling Sto. Fred Barber

THE first person to greet us at 5 Osbourne Road, Stockport, Cheshire, Sto. Fred Barber, was your very charming wife, Emmie; she ushered us into the "comfy" room and made us feel very welcome, writes "G.M." Woman Reporter.

We learnt that Maureen was still on holiday at Margate with Cousin Elsie, and is liking it so much that she doesn't want to come home.

Stella is missing her, of course, and was most concerned about her sister not having her picture taken "to send to Daddy." Incidentally, Fred, Stella can't understand why you are not home now the war is ended,

and every day she expects you to walk in through the door! Let's hope the day is not so far off.

Frank, Tom and Jim are all fine and are still in the three Services; however, Jim is to be demobbed at any time now, and the other two will shortly follow suit.

Emmie and Stella are both in the pink and are looking forward very much to your speedy return. They would like you to know they are receiving your letters regularly now, and hope it is the same with you.

All at 8 Lowfield Grove send their best wishes and hope to see you again before long.

Cheerio, Fred, and good luck to you.



Our address still is:

"Good Morning,"

c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,

Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

JUSTICE ON THE ORINOCO

THEY went through the small house diligently, but without result. Yet Jardine was positive the man could not have sold them, for their description was already up and down the islands, and even illicit diamond buyers mind their step when a thief is being trailed.

Sipapo was smiling and affable throughout the long search. He even went to inconvenience to aid them, never raised an objection, and seemed on the friendliest terms.

It was very galling to the Babe to admit defeat, but he had to admit it, though every instinct told him that Sipapo had the diamonds somewhere and could produce them if he cared.

As the Venezuelan accompanied the visitors to his gate he turned towards Jardine with a pleasant smile.

"If the senor is waiting for a few days he shall have an opportunity of searching my house again when I am absent. I shall give him the keys now if he chooses, and I shall not live here any more until he is finished searching for the diamonds he says I have."

"Where are you going?" demanded Jardine, all suspicion immediately.

"Not far from here, senor. I go to La Puerta del Inferno, a few miles up the river, to fight a Giro matched against my Zambo. They are fighting for a small stake. After the fight I go through La Puerta to buy birds in the jungle."

"Ah, when is this match, Eugene?" demanded the chief of Temblador eagerly. "Is it possible to see it? Your Zambo has not been trained lately, but he is a fighter, is he not?"

"The match takes place the day after to-morrow. The Giro belongs to a stranger who challenged me. The birds are evenly matched, ounce for

ounce. I cannot refuse a challenge."

"Then I shall come to see the sport, Eugene, and perhaps the Senor Jardine may come also, who knows? Every man is equal in the cockpit."

He bowed in adieu to Sipapo, but Babe Jardine gave the man no more than a curt nod. His mind was busy with the missing diamonds, and the possible places where they could be hidden.

The idea of decoying Sipapo away from Temblador and dragging him back to Tiperoon by force came into his head, but was dismissed in face of the difficulties it would raise.

And where was One-eye during this time? The mulatto had not come to Temblador. Was it possible that he had gone off on a scent which the Babe had missed?

The next day Jardine returned to the training place alone. He went through the house once more. He tried to bully Sipapo into confession.

He wandered through the bird gymnasium, questioning the barber, the caretaker, the peons. None of them had ever seen diamonds. They wished they had.

Jardine went to bed that night feeling the ground slipping from under him. The local chief of police, for his own sake, dared not allow Eugene Sipapo to be arrested simply on suspicion. Venezuelans demand more than that.

Next morning found Jardine's mind made up on a course of action.

He determined to accept the invitation to go to the Gates of Hell where the cock-fight was to take place. He was not going to let Sipapo out of his sight.

Some time or other the man would make a slip and reveal

the diamonds; that was the theory on which Babe Jardine worked.

The Babe went up to the scene with the chief of the local police. The spot had been well named, for here the banks of the river contract into high cliffs.

Finish of the Gates of Hell

Through the narrow pass the immense volume of the river forces its way, boiling, tossing and leaping as it throws its might against the iron-bound sides of the ravine.

Whirlpools abound in that terrible torrent. Eddies swirl behind the whirlpools, smooth, dark, and oily. The depth of them no man knows.

Here and there serrated rocks, black and glistening, pierce the frightful current like the teeth of an unseen monster of the river, and the roar of the water sounds like the booming of an avalanche.

A crowd of spectators had already arrived at the cockpit when Babe Jardine and the chief approached.

The truth of the latter's saying that every man was equal at a cock-fight was obvious, for more than one uniform of a high official was present among the peons and labourers.

The pit was formed on the crest of one of the lesser mounds just at the opening of the gorge, and at one side stood Eugene Sipapo, bearing the cotton bag in which his champion was carried.

Jardine's eyes ran round the group, and as his gaze rested on the figure of the challenger he gasped.

Crouched on his haunches, opposite Sipapo, was the figure of One-eye, the mulatto detective.

For a moment the two men looked at each other, and the shadow of a smile flickered round the mouth of One-eye. Then, turning towards Sipapo, he rose to his feet and held aloft a cotton bag in which his bird was encased.

"Heah is ma gamecock, gents!" he said slowly. "He is a three-ten bird, an' a Giro, which is a duckwing. I match him to one hundred pesos against de Zambo."

Babe Jardine was on the point of making an exclamation, but the chief of the local police laid his hand on his arm.

"He means that his champion is three pounds ten ounces in weight, senor," he explained. "That is the form of the challenge. We can lay our money after it is accepted."

"I match you!" Eugene Sipapo had stepped forward and held up his cotton bag.

The scales were produced, and the birds and bags weighed. They were almost equal, less than an ounce being the difference.

As the birds were removed from the bag, the betting started, the spectators laying money freely on both but giving the odds to the Zambo, the black-red belonging to Sipapo. "I would back the duckwing, senor," whispered the chief to Babe, but he is a stranger in Temblador, and the Zambo was a fighter a year ago.

"How did this match come to be arranged?" asked the Babe, with his eyes on One-eye, who was not in his official uniform, but wore the dress of an ordinary peon.

"Oh, as they all do. This mulatto came to the training school of Sipapo with his champion asking for a match. Sipapo

proposed one with his Zambo, and so it was arranged. It is the opening of the season. Watch how they prepare their gallant champions, senor."

Amid the shouting of the spectators giving and taking bets, the two bird owners set to work.

A general in frock-coat and patent-leather boots was appointed judge to fix the terms of the combat.

The spurs of the cocks were thrust into limes and withdrawn quickly, for it is believed that the acid of the fruit renders innocuous any poison with which an unscrupulous gamester may have smeared the weapons of his bird. Then each setter filled his mouth with water and blew it in the form of spray over his champion.

This was the final preparation. The birds were set down, face to face, and the crowd watched for the fight.

It was not a brilliant fight as the Venezuelans knew fights. The duckwing flashed across the arena and pinned the enemy down by the neck.

As the Zambo fell, uttering a short, sharp squeak of surprised pain, the voice of One-eye fell on the crowd of howling spectators:

"Guess dat's all, gents! I take de hundred pesos!"

It was indeed all. The duckwing was victor, and the poor little Zambo, which had given its life in the first rush, lay in the dust.

Eugene Sipapo was counting out the stake money coolly.

"He was not in training, my Zambo," he explained. "He has travelled too much of late. Yet I shall hope to make another challenge some day, senor."

He handed the pesos over to One-eye, and lifted the dead body of his Zambo. He was still smiling.

"I was hoping, senors," he said, turning to the spectators, "that my name would be in the newspapers because of being the owner of this Zambo, but now I see it shall not. However, I shall keep his body,

and get another like him from the breeder beyond the Gates of Hell. To-morrow I shall make the journey—" "Yo' name will be in de newspaper, boss, so don't fret!" interrupted One-eye as he sidled up near Sipapo.

His hands flashed in front of the Venezuelan, a sharp metallic snap sounded, and Eugene Sipapo was handcuffed before the astonished crowd.

"Gents," said One-eye, above the noise of the shouts, "jest clam down a minute an' I'll explain. Guess de Babe Jardine heah can give me credent'ls. Ever heard ob a feller called Lupino? Big man around Temblador some time ago, maybe. Friend ob dis Sipapo pusson, he was."

A few called out that they had seen or heard of Lupino: "All right, gents! Yo' no see him any more, 'cos he's dead. Eugene Sipapo killed him stone dead in Jamaica. Dat's why I come down to find Eugene. Whaffor, yo' fellers ask? Listen. Sipapo and Lupino done smart t'ings around heah. Dey were I.D.B.men. Ain't dat right, Eugene?"

The handcuffed man did not move, nor answer, for the mulatto's hand was heavy on his shoulder, and from down his sleeve had drawn his cudgel.

"Yaas, gents, both were illicit diamond buyers' men. Guess I found dat out by inquiry. Yo' listenin', Babe Jardine?"

"I'm listening!" replied the Babe.

(Continued on Page 3)

Answers to Quiz in No. 791

1. Backgammon.
2. Kind of walking-stick.
3. 38.
4. 235.
5. Lion.
6. Shin-guards are not cricket equipment; others are.



Know what
You're up
against!
says
JACK GREENALL

THE SPIDER.

THE Spider is nobody's heart-throb. His legs stick out from all points of the compass, completely ruining his chances.

It's no good, you can't love him. Robert Bruce did try, but nothing much came of it.

The male spider comes as a Tich in comparison to the female. He woos her—and by now should know better—by danting the fandango, acting the fool, and playing hide-and-seek about her legs.

Nice goings-on I must say! Any funny stuff, though, and she bites him in half—that "learns" him.

Another sucker will now take over till he comes the old acid, then another, and so on and so on.

When at long last a male does make the grade, they marry, and a lot of good it does him. He ends his career as his wife's wedding breakfast!

Female spiders have even been known to eat their brand new hubby before marriage. The strain of egg production has something to do with it—terrible thing, egg production!

In wet weather spiders become lazy, which must be a god-send to the house-fly.

The Trochosa Picta Spider is spotted black, yellow, pink and white, and on sandy soil looks invisible. See, you can't win!

Spiders are found everywhere. They can climb trees, leap sideways, pounce, run on water and burrow. You can't outwit a spider. I, for one, have given up trying.

The senior partner of the big firm had noticed that his junior partner was not looking very fit, and he decided to question him on the subject.

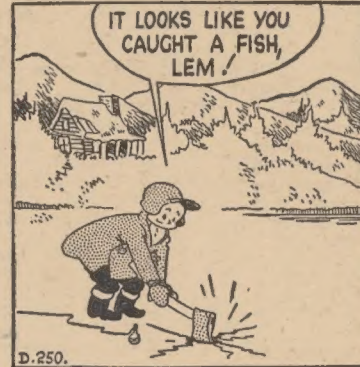
"You look tired out," he said. "What's the matter with you?"

"Matter," echoed the other. "I'm getting only two hours of sleep a day."

"Two hours!" said the other in shocked tones. "How can you manage to work?"

"I get the rest at night," came the answer.

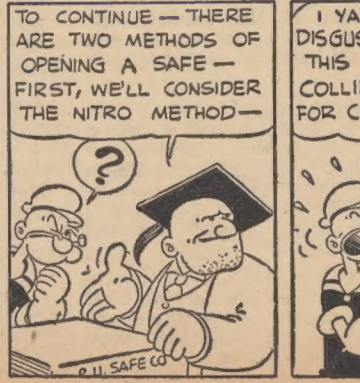
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Justice on the Orinoco

(Continued from Page 2)
"Good fo' yo'. Listen heah a bit more. Lupino tried to double-cross Sipapo on a deal, I guess, and moved out ob de district wit' two big stones. So Eugene went after him. He took de fust one from him at Tiperoon. He took the second one at Kingston in de island ob Jamaica."
"How do you know all this?" demanded the chief of the Templador vigilantes sharply.
"Prove what you say, or—"
"Why, boss, jest one way. Inquiry elicited de main facts. As fo' proof—yo' bet! Ef yo' cut open dat Zambo I guess yo' find two diamonds in him, and dey are de two diamonds whichen was stole from Lupino."

It was Babe Jardine who found the diamonds in the stomach of the dead game-cock.
Sipapo glanced about, hoping for a moment in which to make his escape; but the heavy hand of the mulatto held him.
One-eye continued his explanation to the gaping crowd.
"Dis guy, Sipapo, is mighty slim, gents. Yo' all know dat most fighting cocks is fed on bits of raw meat and maize. Well, Sipapo just wrapped up de diamonds in bits ob meat an' gave 'em to de bird befo' de eyes ob de folks wit'out dem knowin' what he was doin'. Nat'ally he didn't object to being searched."
"Oh, no. An' dat's how I guessed, and dat's why I come heah and bought a fightin' bird and challenged him. He did as I expected. He put up dis rooster against mine, an' he wanted his to be killed so he

didn't train it. Yo' all saw how it fell.
"Den he was goin' off wit' de carcass to take de diamonds out. All of whechen facts and suppositions was elicited by inquiry, an' thinkin'. So he goes back to Jamaica to be hanged for killin' Lupino as Ah said."
The chief of the vigilantes, who had been tugging at his moustachios, stepped forward.
"Is this true, Eugene?" he asked.
Eugene Sipapo laughed and hitched his shoulders.
"I thought it was well planned," he replied coolly, "but all detectives are not so smart as this mulatto."
The chief tugged more than ever at his moustachios, glancing at the Babe and One-eye.
The latter was about to give his man the about-turn, when the chief spoke, addressing the sportsmen who stood around.
"Pardon me, senors. This

Eugene Sipapo was one of our honoured *cuidadores de gallos*. We never dreamed he was a thief, even if we knew diamonds were being stolen on the river. But now we know he is worse. He has spoiled our day's sport by matching an unfit bird. Now, I am chief of the vigilantes of Templador and I judge these things. Shall a man spoil our sport, senors?"
He drew his revolver quickly and shot Eugene Sipapo through the head.
"Throw that carrion into the Gates of Hell!" he thundered.
A couple of peons did as he ordered, and as they hove the body into the foaming avalanche of water, the chief turned to the speechless Babe and One-eye.
"That is how I keep order on the Orinoco," he declared with dignity. "Our national amusement cannot be tampered with. Am I chief of Templador's vigilantes for nothing?"

THE END



"I asked you not to inhale while Hank Pinatra was croonin'!"

Patient: "What! Five pounds for removing my teeth? Why, it only took you a few seconds!"
Dentist: "O.K. Next time I'll make it last all day."

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 729

1. D-civil.
2. Vera viewed the very vivid violets.
3. NEWHAVEN.
4. Sham, hams, mash(ed).

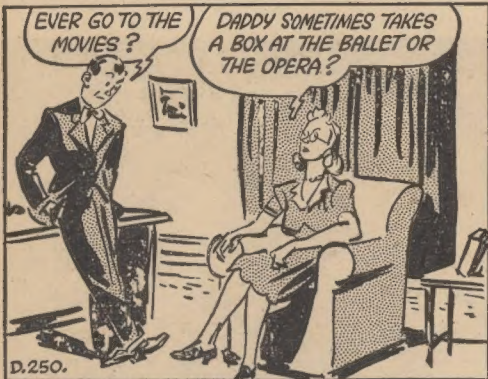
ALEX CRACKS

"Our new house is so convenient, right opposite the station."
"Don't you find the trains a nuisance?"
"Oh, no. The estate agent said we should get used to the noise in a few days, so we're staying at a hotel meanwhile."
An Irishman, upon being asked "What is an Irish bull, anyway?" replied:
"Well, it's like this: Suppos-ing there were thirteen cows lying down in a field, and one of them was standing up; that would be a bull."

JANE



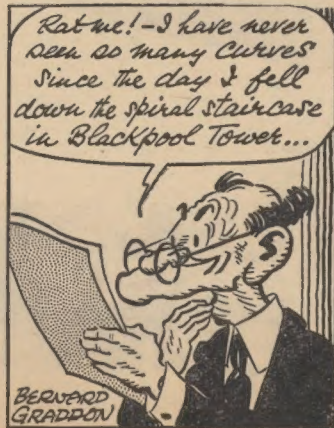
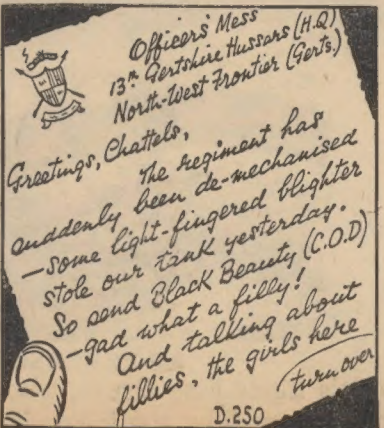
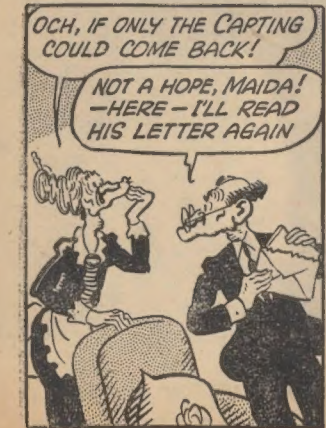
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



"Do you think you could salute once in a while, Symonds?"

CROSS-WORD CORNER

OH RIGID FC
ROWAN TOTAL
BLACK SERGE
IDLE S SAGA
TEN PEP DEN
RUMINATED
H TAPSTER M
UP VEERS NE
TACIT OTHER
CRUST LYRIC
HERE S SLY

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9				10		11	12
13					14	15	
16				17	18		
	19		20			21	22
23		24			25		26
27		28			29	30	
		31	32		33	34	35
36	37			38		39	
40			41				
42						43	

CLUES ACROSS. — 1 Elec-trical unit. 5 Turf. 9 Fruit. 11 Hoot. 13 Bright. 14 Consumed. 16 Seed. 17 Dance. 19 Charge. 21 Give as instance. 23 Pro-noun. 24 Unfortunately. 26 Brazil. 27 Employer. 29 Hurry. 31 Lump of wood. 33 Ankle. 36 Medical class. 39 Anger. 40 Pungent. 41 Flunkey. 42 Trivial. 43 Cattle company.

CLUES DOWN. — 1 Insect. 2 Insects. 3 Nonsense. 4 Metal. 5 Suffice. 6 Detail. 7 Procure. 8 Kick. 10 Boy's name. 12 Attack. 15 Rudiments. 18 One of the U.S.A. 20 Peer. 22 Pipe-shaped. 23 Chew. 25 Perch. 28 Pick. 30 Mould. 32 Present. 34 Tree. 35 Dispatch. 37 Cut down. 38 Shy.

Good Morning



HERE TO-DAY AND GONE TO-MORROW.

Here's a shop that travels 300 miles a week—through the leafy lanes of Wilts, Dorset, Somerset and Hampshire. "Old Crutch" has been doing his round for nigh on fifty years—carrying his stock of pots, pans, brushes, brooms, lino, carpets, tin and china ware to the remote villages. Here you see him come to rest in the village of Nether Wallop—seems he also sells slippers!



COME OUT THE SUBMARINER WHO COMPLAINED OF SPOTS BEFORE THE EYES. Chili Williams shows how she keeps in shape between scenes. Between ourselves, she's known as the "Polka Dot Girlie."



REVERSED.

Now, it's Joan Winfield who shows how she keeps in shape. Between ourselves, we think she's in good shape.



A STUDY IN SHORT PANTS.

(Mum's, Baby's and our breath). With such a charming lady to hold our hand, we could almost work up an enthusiasm for sea-bathing ourselves. Usually, of course, we only take our water in small doses—from a syphon.



RE-REVERSED.

Lastly, it's Bette-Jane Greer, who shows us her shape. We don't know how she keeps it in—but we can guess.